

\$100 PRIZE!**What Mother Has the Greatest Number of Living Children?****"The Evening World" Will Present Her with a \$100 Gold Certificate.**

It has been wisely said that the mother guides the home ship and holds the future destinies of the nation in her hand.

This is a Republic and the majority rules. That mother who has reared the greatest number of children, therefore, has had the greater share in moulding the destiny of our country.

THE EVENING WORLD wants to know her. The EVENING WORLD has offered many prizes for competition of brains and ingenuity, and nearly every one has been won by a man.

Now, it offers a series of prizes to which it mainly reverts cannot aspire.

Three prizes are offered to the mothers of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken who have given birth to and reared the greatest number of children, and THE EVENING WORLD hereby binds itself to award and pay these prizes:

One Hundred Dollar Gold Certificate to the mother having the greatest number of living children.

A Fifty-Dollar Silver Certificate to the mother of the second largest family of living children.

A Twenty-Dollar Gold Piece as a consolation prize to the proud mother of the third largest brood of children.

These prizes are to the mothers.

The competition is to be covered by the following

CONDITIONS:

Every mother entering her offering must live in the metropolis consisting of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken.

Only living children will be counted.

The mother must send to the editor of THE EVENING WORLD her own full name and nationality; her name before marriage; her age; the date and place of her marriage; the name and age of the father or fathers of her children; and her nationality; the full name of each child, the date of its birth and present residence. *Consent must be given by one of the parents only.*

Accompanying this statement the mother should send a brief note from some well-known person, like the minister or priest, the family physician or the Astor man of the ward, stating that he knows or believes the statement to be true.

"These are my jewels," replied the proud woman mother to her Oriental guest, and they were rich gems to her.

How many precious gems have you, dear mother?

Every American-born boy has a chance to try for the Presidency of the United States, and every girl may aspire to be mistress of the White House.

Every boy is a free-born sovereign here, and every girl a queen. How many American sovereigns and princesses have you produced, madam?

Send in your lists, for should there be two families larger than all others, and themselves of equal number, that mother whose list arrives at THE EVENING WORLD office first will get the slip of paper that may be exchanged at any bank for twenty \$5 gold pieces.

Remember, what we want is the largest number of children born to one mother and saved for the struggle with the world. No matter how old they are nor how young. Count them all from the sucking babe to the big brawny, broad-shouldered man who is father to your grandchildren.

HURLED A TOM-CAT AT HER.

AND MRS. BECK IS NOW IN A DYING CONDITION FROM THE BLOW.

Young Adeksy Was Drowning Cats and She Remonstrated with Him. He Struck Her on the Head with a Cat and Brain Fever at Once Set In—She Is Likely to Die.

Hester street is not the most lovely thoroughfare of New York City, but it is full of life and activity. Cheap vegetables, poor fruit, humble delicacies and poverty-stricken people are the most salient features of this charming street.

Also cats!

Young cats, old cats, white cats, black cats, the demure kitten, the domestic maternal feline and the lusty, unaccountable Thomas. They are all there in great degree.

At 5 Hester street, on the second floor, in a dark, dingy room, a woman verging on sixty lay this morning in a precarious condition. She was clad in a white muslin, open at the top, showing her long neck; her gray locks streamed past her dull, glazing eyes around her high cheekbones, and her jaw was fallen as she lay there heavily.

On top of her head was a round bladder filled with cracked ice.

In the adjoining room was her old husband, who looked, with his gray, patriarchal beard as it had strayed to Hester street out of the book of Leviticus. On the table was a well-thumbed book lying open. Half a dozen boys were in the room.

The old woman was Mrs. Eidel Beck, and she is suffering from inflammation of the brain, caused by a violent altercation about a cat. Her husband, a large, stout, burly fellow, told THE EVENING WORLD reporter that she was "out with the dog" last Saturday, and when she came in she found Mrs. Beck and Mrs. Adeksy engaged in a violent altercation.

After this the Adeksy boy was amusing himself with drowning a few of the superfluous cats in the neighborhood. Mrs. Beck was the back veranda "taking the air," which circulated in a feeble way in the little room, in the middle of which was the usual cabinet wardrobe which is found in all low tenement houses.

Being somewhat tender-hearted, Mrs. Beck remonstrated with the Adeksy boy for his cruelty. Thereupon the boy, in wrath, utilized the back of his stock of condensed cats, a large tomato, as a weapon, and grasping it in his hands hurled it with fatal accuracy at Mrs. Beck's head.

This is a novel use for the tomato. It has long figured in fact and in story as the target for missiles, but its capacity as a missile itself has never before been tested.

In the hands of young Adeksy it proved an immense success. Mrs. Beck was knocked down, and when she rallied a little from the shock, she found herself fainting on the floor and had been unable to speak or move since.

Dr. Ludwig Cohn thinks a blood vessel in her head was ruptured, and it is doubtful if she will recover.

This incident brings into greater obloquy the Adeksys and the tomato, which murderous missile is at large now.

WHO WILL PAY REILLY'S EXPENSES.

His Chase After Defendant Bushnell Will Reach High in the Thousands.

The escape from Detective-Sergeant Phil Reilly of William A. Bushnell, the absconding clerk of the law firm of Butler, Stillman & Hubbard, was announced from Lima, Peru, yesterday.

Police Headquarters this morning, and especially in the Detective Bureau.

Inspector Byrne is away on vacation and will not return for a week or so. In his absence there is no one that will, or can, talk upon the subject further than to say that no further information had been received, and therefore the details of the escape are not yet known.

Detective Reilly has now been away on the mission about eight months, and the expense entailed in the case run up into the thousands. One informant says that this amount, entirely by the firm who sent after the fugitive; that the detective has been granted leave of absence without pay, and all his expenses are paid by the law firm.

On the other hand, it is said in the Detective Bureau that Reilly is away on "special duty," with full pay, and that the District Attorney's office is responsible for all expenses incurred in extradition proceedings. The amount due for, however, will not exceed \$5,000.

It is not yet known whether Detective Reilly will remain down there and follow Bushnell, or come straight home.

Robbed His Room-Mate.

Henry Lutz was tried in the Tombs Police Court this morning on a charge of stealing a suit of clothes and a watch and chain from his room-mate, Christian Gitz, with whom he has lived for three years.

A Printing Office Guttered.

McDermott & Johnson's printing office, on the second floor of 2148 Third avenue, was gutted by fire which broke out at 5 o'clock this morning. The damage was \$1,000; covered by insurance.

DISTILLED HUMOR ON TAP.

CREAM OF THE FUNNY MEN'S PRODUCTIONS ARE FOUND HERE.

The Latest from Niagara Falls. (From Judge.)

Hackman (on a very warm day)—Fifty cents, boss.

Buffalo Tourist—What for?

Hackman—You ain't der gal has been standin' in der shade 'n' my cab for ten minutes.

Tough Grapes. (From Texas Stripes.)

Guest—Waiter, bring me a nut-cracker.

Waiter—But, my dear sir, we have no nuts.

I know that. I don't want it for nuts, but for these grapes you have brought for dessert.

An Apt Question. (From Texas.)

"What are you doing?" asked Gazzam, as McCrackle tore off the wrapper of his copy of Punch.

"Opening the chestnut burr."

A Misunderstanding. (From the Pittsburgh Chronicle.)

She—And did you like the water in Florida, Mr. Brown?

He—Well, no; in fact the water there is not as good as that right here at home.

She—Indeed? And I have heard Florida water so well spoken of, too?

A Bitterness Between Them. (From the Burlington Free Press.)

Travis—Why do you shun Miss K.'s society so persistently, De Smith? Is there any bitterness between you?

De Smith—Yes, she is trying to teach me to eat olives.

An Old Brute. (From the Three Rivers Express.)

Miss Prynn—I wonder why they always call ships "she"?

Mr. Flynn—Because they are all craft.

Hard Lines. (From Texas Stripes.)

She—Last night I dreamt we were at Saratoga and stopping at one of the finest hotels.

He—Don't talk that way. Money is so scarce nowadays that we can't afford even to dream of going to Saratoga.

Getting Over the Difficulty. (From the Chicago Tribune.)

"Such a pity it isn't a girl!" said the elderly and rich maiden aunt as she looked regretfully at the infant.

"I have no name—name in your family, you know."

"Aunt Minerva," exclaimed the poor relation, eagerly, "we will give the boy your name with a masculine termination and call him Minervous."

A Lucid Explanation. (From Judge.)

"Yes," says the Colonel, "little drops of water" and "little grains of sand" are naturally associated with each other. I takes the cue to drink the other, you know."

There Are Quirks and Quirks. (From Judge.)

Elder Berry—How much are these black-cans a quart, deacon?

Deacon Saunders (the greaser)—Twelve cents.

Elder Berry All right, deacon. Here I've brought a quart measure along to get 'em in.

Deacon Saunders—Well, Elder, I'll have to charge thirty-six cents for that full.

She Could Talk About Something Else. (From Judge.)

Irate Husband—For heaven's sake, can you tell me what memory is?

Master Tommy (after a moment's hesitation)—Please, sir, memory is what you forget with.

How to Get There. (From Judge.)

First Stranger (in Boston)—Can you tell me how to reach Washington street.

Second Stranger—That's just where I want to go. Let's walk together. You go south and I'll go north, and we'll report progress every time we meet.

MRS. PYTHON CONE.

Her Snakeship Believed to Be no Longer Among the Living.

Variegated Scales Found in the Denmark's Bilge Water.

Capt. Rigby's Efforts to Find the Monster's Body Still Unsuccessful.

Capt. Rigby and the four engineers on board the National Line Steamship Denmark have continued their search in the ship's stokehold for the elusive Mrs. Python, who, as every one supposed, had concealed herself somewhere in the hold.

They got down as far as the bilge, without finding any trace of the fugitive. All the dark corners were carefully examined with a lantern light, and even the entrails of the donkey engine, where her royal snakeship was last seen, were thoroughly illuminated, but no Mrs. Python showed up.

There were plenty of rats, and Engineer Baxter stoutly maintained that if Mrs. Python had any brains at all she would have stopped between decks and set up a permanent establishment. She could have had all the fat, juicy rats she could eat, and there was no reason why she shouldn't have been comfortable there for the rest of her natural life.

If she had behaved herself properly, the engineers and stokers would have been very glad of her society during the long, tedious voyages.

Engineer Gillespie wouldn't have been unwilling to make a pet of her, though he admits that her first visit to the engine-room rather rattled him for the moment. He has been working so long, however, down in the stuffy, narrow room in momentary expectation of seeing her poke her head up through some hole in the floor, that now he has become quite used to the sensation, and has for some time past only been anxious to realize his anticipations.

It seems, however, that the hopes of the engineers, as well as the captain, are doomed to be dashed. Discoveries were made this morning which lead Capt. Rigby to revise all his previous theories and accept the proposition that Mrs. Python is no longer among the living.

When the bilges were examined and no signs of Mrs. Python could be found, a bucketful of the bilge water was pumped up and put in the hands of the ship's chemist for analysis.

The latter announced this morning that he has made a very startling find. The find is nothing more nor less than a number of small triangular scales of variegated and assorted colors.

Further analysis showed that such scales are only produced on the backs of pythons born and reared on the west coast of Africa, and in view of this, Capt. Rigby feels that he must accept the evidence of Mrs. Python's death as conclusive.

She must have got down into the bilge water and drowned, and as the scales could only have been washed off after advanced decomposition had been reached she must have died very soon after she paid her last visit to the engine-room.

What has become of her remains is a mystery, but the theory that she may have been washed out through the big steam pump in sections and gone to feed the sharks and codfish on the way over furnishes a plausible explanation of her complete disappearance, with the exception of the scales.

The latter may therefore be taken as certain evidence of her painful and untimely demise, and though the engineers and stokers on the Denmark cannot help feeling a sense of relief now that the long suspense and uncertainty is over, the loss of so charming a companion fills them with profound and lasting regret.

His Daily Task. (From Judge.)

She—Do you think of me daily?

He—Shouldn't I, my dear little sugar-coated angel. Think of you daily? You bet, and now that the days are longer, I sometimes think of you twice a day.

A New Denial. (From Judge.)

Teacher—Now, my young friend, can you tell me what memory is?

Master Tommy (after a moment's hesitation)—Please, sir, memory is what you forget with.

How to Get There. (From Judge.)

First Stranger (in Boston)—Can you tell me how to reach Washington street.

Second Stranger—That's just where I want to go. Let's walk together. You go south and I'll go north, and we'll report progress every time we meet.

HEARD IN THEATRE LOBBIES

HITS OF GOSSIP REGARDING FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

Rehearsals of Kralitz's New Spectacular Play, "Antiope," to Begin Tomorrow.

Boleslaw Kralitz is happy at last. He will be in his element to-morrow when regular rehearsals of "Antiope" begin at Niblo's. He has already culled for his corpulent and his extra ladies. Until he is with them, his life is a blank. The stage at Niblo's is being altered, and a fire wall is in process of construction. Preliminary rehearsals of "Antiope" have been going on at Niblo's for some time.

Miss Kate Claxton received all the "ingenues" in town yesterday. Miss Kate Fuller's place had to be filled. In the language of the immortal bard, she had left Miss Claxton "in a hole." Miss Claxton was particularly anxious to secure Elie Shannon, who appears to be in demand. But Miss Shannon was not to be had.

Patience on Broadway with a very pink dress and a very white dog, is really a companion picture to Vernon, whose attire has already been pathetically discussed in these columns. Patience isn't going to soubrette in "Lost in New York" next season. Her place is being engaged to play "Loretta." Skinner is another ex-Dalyite who is in demand. Elie Shannon and Otis Skinner are eagerly sought for on account of their daily training.

Booth and Modjeska open their joint tour next 30 in Pittsburgh, thence they go to Cleveland, after which they appear, Oct. 11, at the Broadway Theatre for eight weeks, opening in "Hamlet." Otis Skinner has been engaged to play "Loretta." Skinner is another ex-Dalyite who is in demand. Elie Shannon and Otis Skinner are eagerly sought for on account of their daily training.

Little Gerlie Homan, the child now playing in "The Burglar," was discovered in New Orleans. That sounds rather like an answer to a primer question, but Gerlie is becoming great, in every sense.

Denman Thompson, with his hat on the back of his head, his hands in his pockets and a sweet, cherubic smile on his face, surveyed the arrangements being made at the Academy of Music for the revived "Home-land." He couldn't rest at Swansey, N.H., but was obliged to rush to the city to see how things were going. Mr. Thompson had a very energetic conversation with young Business Manager Constock.

"Why the business managers tell more truth," he asked, looking at Mr. Constock paternally.

"Where would you be if they did?" queried Mr. Constock placidly.

"Much better off," was Uncle Joshua's reply. "If business managers told the truth I hold that we should profit by it. That is what I want. Mr. Constock, when you'll never pen a fiction."

"In that case," retorted the imperturbable Alexander, "I shall have you with others at my feet for just once to say that the thirty-dollar audience packed the house. You'll be glad to do it just for once, and I shall refuse."

Mr. Thompson was quieted. "Well," he grumbled, "when you are an old man like me you will see that there is nothing like the truth. You'll have had enough of the other things."

"I hope so," was the answer made in the sanguine tone of a bank-book holder. Denman Thompson says that Manager E. G. Colburn is the coldest man he ever met in all his life; that he must carry a piece of ice in each pocket, and another piece on his head.

There is glory for British Theatres. At the garden party given at Marlborough House recently by the Prince and Princess of Wales, Henry Irving, Mr. and Mrs. Beer-bohm Rice, and L. L. Toole were present.

Manager Josh Hart, of the Theatre Comique, Harlem, says that he isn't a bit afraid of competition in Harlem. He has booked some excellent attractions for next season, and if any new theatres won't interfere with his business.

Business Manager Jessel, of the Agnes Herndon company, has devised a novel scheme for advertising. He offers a prize of \$25 for the greatest number of words that can be found out of the letters comprising his star's name.

Come off, Mr. Business Manager Jessel. This kind of thing is rather sickening, and you're doing it just for once. If your star has any merit you can earth cars how many letters she has in her name? If she hasn't, it won't help her in the least.

Miss Lillie Grubb has just returned from Cape May. She is in much better health and her voice is as good as it ever was. Miss Grubb has designs upon next season, but won't tell what they are just yet.

TOOTH-PULLING WAS FATAL.

THE SECOND CASE OF LUDWIG'S ANGINA KNOWN IN BELLEVUE. AFTER HAVING EXTRACTED THE TISSUES OF THE NECK SWELLED AND CHOKED THE WINDPIPE—A WEEK OF AGONY ENDING IN DEATH.

A death under very singular circumstances reported by the Bellevue Hospital authorities today. The victim was John Hatch, a salivator laborer, forty years old.

On July 17 he went to the Demitt Dispensary, corner of Twenty-third street, and had an aching tooth pulled out.

The next day his neck began to swell, and it had swollen so by Saturday that it had lost all its former proportions, and he was unable to eat and could talk only with great difficulty. He began to think that the swelling was serious, and went to the Demitt Dispensary, where an attendant sent him to Bellevue.

At 6 o'clock in the evening, at 7 o'clock Dr. A. J. White found him at the point of suffocation from the swelling of the glands. To prevent the patient from suffocating an opening was made in his windpipe, and his life was thus prolonged.

Dr. White found that Hatch was suffering from a rare and almost always fatal disease known as Ludwig's angina, because it was first described as a distinctive disease by Dr. Ludwig. It is a rapid and virulent inflammation of the deep-seated tissues of the neck. Sometimes it is caused by the pulling of a tooth, but it may be caused by any irritation or injury to the mouth. Many cases of Ludwig's angina have been described in medical history, yet the disease is so rare that Dr. White says it is only the second case known.

Hatch lingered through the night in great suffering, breathing through the aperture in his windpipe, and died from exhaustion caused by his sufferings early yesterday morning. After death an examination was made of his mouth and it was found that his jawbone had not been broken by the pulling of the tooth.

Hatch was a widow and some little children who live in No. 416 East Eighteenth street.

MAY BE FINISHED TO-DAY.

THE ELECTRIC EXECUTION HEARING DRAWING TO A CLOSE.

At a fifteen-minute session this morning, before Becker, in the investigation as to the practicability of electrical execution, heard the testimony of Joseph Ocher, a clerk for a Brooklyn concern.

The witness related that a man named Murray passed out of the window of the store of Electric Machinery & Co., 417 Broadway, Brooklyn, one day in April last, to his office, a clerk.

The minutes later the witness, looking out with his right hand on one of the wires, dead, and the left on the other, saw a man, whom he knew as Murray, standing on the roof of the building, and saw him throw a bundle of wires down.

Mr. Edison, his assistant, Mr. Kennedy, was expected to testify as to the results of yesterday's experiments, but neither was present, and a recess was taken.

Attorney General Post and Mr. Cookman agreed that the evidence would be completed at a very brief session, which will perhaps be held to-day.

AFTER THE EQUITABLE GAS CO.

Supr. Enter Under Bill and a Warrant Out for President Graham.

Emile J. Enfer, Superintendent of the Equitable Gas Co., was held in \$500 bail by Justice McMahon in the Yorkville Police Court this morning, to answer a charge of violating the Sanitary Code by allowing the refuse matter from the works of the Company at the foot of East Thirty-ninth street to flow into the East River.

Complainant in the case is Inspector Martin, of the Board of Health, who has made a similar charge against R. M. C. Graham, President of the Company.

A warrant has been issued for Mr. Graham's arrest, but he is sick at his home in Tuxedo.

PAYING THE BLIND PENSIONERS.

A Motley Gathering in Supr. Blake's Office This Morning.

A crowd of nearly five hundred blind men and women besieged Supr. Blake's office in the building of the Charities Department at Third avenue and Eleventh street this morning to receive their annual pension of \$37.

It was a motley crowd, some having dogs for companions while others leaned on the shoulders of children.

Each pensioner received a ticket from Mr. Blake, and the beggars left, clutching their rolls of bread and silver, and invoking blessings on the head of Mr. Blake.

Strictly Vegetable. is strictly true when applied to Carter's Little Liver Pills. No mercury.

THEY EXPECT TO LIVE FOREVER.

A Curious Pair of Recluses in a Back Township in Indiana.

There are many curious people in the world, and one meets them in unexpected places, says the Indianapolis Journal. A traveler found a couple a few days ago in Parke County, this State. They are a father and daughter, the former an illiterate, hard-working man, past fifty years old, and the latter a quiet, intelligent girl, who, since the death of her mother, keeps house for him. They are recluses and religious enthusiasts.

The man, without ever having heard of Christian science, claims to be a Christian scientist. He never takes medicine, but cures all ordinary ills by faith. "Once," he says, "I accidentally cut off my big toe. The wound healed in one day without the application of anything but cold water. I wrapped it in a rag, and on the second day I wore my boot. On the eighth day it was entirely healed."

He and his daughter expect to live always in the flesh. They hold that faith is a sufficient defense against death. Asked what Christians do, the man replied, "Because they choose to die, and have no faith in the fact that, if they chose, they might live forever without dying. The devil is the only decomposer. Mary Ann and I expect to be among the 144,000 spoken of in Revelations."

In regard to food, they observe the Moslem law, and quote chapter after verse thereof. They do not eat meat of any kind, nor anything that grows on a vine, nor fruits nor herbs, nor the seed of trees. They eat Irish potatoes, but eschew sweet potatoes because they grow on a vine. They call the Irish potato a plant and the sweet potato a vine.

They eschew eggs because they are animal, and quote chapter after verse thereof. Nuts are forbidden, because they are the seed of trees. In their solitary life they nurse these curious vagaries as religiously as if they were important precepts, and though their diet is very restricted, they are healthy and happy.

First a Pigmy—Anon a Giant.

Wear a top apt to regard a small animal much as we would some pigmy, unpleasant of aspect and praiseworthy, but incapable of serious mischief. We ignore the fact that it grows prodigiously, strengthens in proportion and begets evil progeny. A fit of indigestion, a slight bilious attack, sensations of unrest and languor when the system should have been braced by recent sleep, unaccountable nervousness, inactivity of the kidneys or bladder, what are these but the precursors of obstinate and serious biliary disturbance? In either of the above emergencies, common sense and experience unite in indicating Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as the best preventive. Particularly should its use be prompt when the languor, yawning, chilliness down the back, and feverishness that precede a malarial attack, manifest themselves. Inopit remembrance grows apace, don't neglect it. So with constipation and biliousity.

IF YOU ARE TIRED TAKING THE LARGE old-fashioned gimping pills try Carter's Little Liver Pills take some comfort. A man can't stand everything.

AMUSEMENTS.